









## Festivals Marks European Achievements in Land of Racial Strife

### 300 Years of Turbulent History in South Africa

By JOHN WÖRRALL

CAPE TOWN—WHITE settlement in South Africa celebrates its 300th birthday on Sunday (April 6), the anniversary of the landing in 1652, of the famous Dutch commander, Jan Van Riebeeck, on the shores of Table Bay.

Cape Town is celebrating the occasion with a great Festival of Art, Sport and Industry, the biggest ever held in the Southern Hemisphere, which will culminate in an elaborate historical pageant on the anniversary day depicting Van Riebeeck's landing.

In recent weeks the Festival has been heralded with several big art exhibitions, including one of priceless Dutch paintings lent by the Netherlands Government, and a festival of music in which world famous artists took part.

#### Intrepid Dutch

The origins of White settlement in South Africa can be traced directly back to the urgent need for fresh fruit and vegetables by the crews of the Dutch East India Company's ships sailing round the Cape to Holland's rich new colonies in the Indies. Planting vegetable gardens and orchards was the main assignment of the Dutch commander, Jan van Riebeeck, when he set sail from Holland with instructions to found a half-way house at the Cape of Good Hope. Although the Dutch Government had no intention of colonizing the interior, the Cape settlement grew as officials retired and started farming on their own account. Villages and towns sprang up, and the line of Dutch pioneers moved northwards and eastwards.

Clashes occurred with the aboriginal Bushmen and Hottentots, but it was not until about 1750 that the Dutch came into contact with the spearheads of the Central African migration from the Bantu tribes down the east coast. The Bantu tribes fiercely opposed the land-hungry Dutch, and sporadic guerrilla warfare broke out along the Fish River, the settlement's eastern boundary, that was to last for three generations, sowing the seeds of the present-day Black-White bitterness.

#### French Refugees

In the meantime there had occurred an infusion of French blood with the arrival in 1688 of the French Huguenot colonists, fleeing from religious persecution in their native land. They brought with them the art of viticulture, the beginnings of South Africa's great modern wine industry, and left a lasting impression on the culture and stock of the Cape.

Towards the end of the 18th Century the Dutch East India Company had to decline in power and prestige. When the French revolutionary troops overran Holland, the reigning Prince of Orange fled to England. At his request, and in order to keep the Cape from falling into French hands, the British seized the Cape, after a token resistance by the Dutch governor. They held the colony for seven years, in the name of the exiled Prince, handed it back as part of a short-lived settlement in 1802, but seized it again in 1806 when the Batavian Republic was allied to France. In 1814 Holland formally ceded the Colony to Britain. It had a white population then of about 30,000, predominantly Dutch.

Meanwhile history was being made among the Bantu tribes, with the rise of the Zulu Nation. Chaka, a military genius, who after fighting his way to the head of his tribe's small Zulu tribe, developed it by bloody conquest into a powerful nation with an extraordinarily efficient and ruthless military organization. Chaka's campaigns of massacre and conquest caused a wide redistribution of the Bantu peoples throughout southern Africa.

#### Great Trek

In the Cape itself, Dutch discontent with British rule, which had forced on them the emancipation of the slaves, their desire for independence, land hunger and a devastating drought, started the great spectacular migration of peoples in history, known as the "Great Trek" (1836-1838). In splendidly organized cavalades of ox-wagons and horsemen, with women, children and servants, the Dutch moved over the frontier into the unknown interior. Hundreds were massacred by the Bantu tribes, who bitterly resented this encroachment on what they had come to regard as



"YOU TOO!"

their lands, but which belonged by right to the Bushmen and Hottentots whom they themselves had ousted.

The Dutch trekked hundreds of miles, enduring the most frightful privations, into what are now known as the Free State and the Transvaal. Some went over the Drakensberg Mountains into Natal, but turned back after the massacre of their leader, Piet Retief, by Chaka's successor, Dingaan, whose power was finally crushed at the battle of Blood River. The colonization of Natal was undertaken subsequently by the British.

A dispute over the frontier of the Free State and the Cape after the Kimberley diamond finds of 1871 was followed by British annexation of the Transvaal, the affairs of which were at a low ebb, in 1877. In 1881, the Transvaal Boers (farmers) staged a successful rebellion, defeated the British at Majuba, and regained their independence. But the spacious pastoral days were over, for in 1886 gold was discovered on the Witwatersrand, revolutionizing the life of the little patriarchal republic.

#### Gold Fever

Gold was the foundation on which Johannesburg was built, and Johannesburg was created by the hordes of fortune-seekers from all parts of the world, a cosmopolitan growth completely foreign to the sober, Calvinistic life of the Transvaal Dutch with their republican govern-

ment and their tough old president, Paul Kruger. The Dutch fiercely resisted the British rights and other privileges which they considered themselves entitled to. Unable to get Kruger to agree to their demands a Reform Committee was set up by the British. A coup d'état was planned, but proved abortive. This was the Jameson Raid, in which Dr. Jameson, a friend of Cecil Rhodes, was to march on Johannesburg with a force of police and troops from Bechuanaland. But Jameson moved too soon and was easily rounded up by the commando-trained republicans.

The Dutch were convinced that Britain was an accomplice in this raid and intended to go to war. After a conference in Bloemfontein, which ended in stalling, the Boer War broke out on October 11, 1899. It began with a series of surprising Boer successes but superior British numbers eventually turned the scale, in spite of shrewdly conducted guerrilla tactics which delayed the war for nearly three years.

The republic lost its independence as the Treaty of Vereeniging on May 31, 1902. General Smuts, who had been a brilliant successful Boer general, went on to lead the Boers in the Union of South Africa, which was given to the Transvaal and Orange Free States in 1906.

In 1910, after years of agitation by all sections of South Africa, came the union of the two former republics and the British colonies. The South Africa Act, the Union's constitution, was passed by the British Parliament.

But South Africa's problems were by no means ended. Since 1910, the country has seen forty-two years of political strife, with big cleavages occurring between the two White races.

The 1914/18 war saw the rise of the Nationalist Party under General Hertzog, aiming at a republic and an international criminal code. Since 1918, the country has been torn by a very dangerous precedent. The agreement to submit all sentences against "minor" war criminals to a mixed tribunal already constitutes a highly dangerous concession to Germany. It clearly implies that Germany will now be allowed officially to question Allied judgments and to play a part in their revision.

Needless to say, this arrangement constitutes a considerable German success. Its significance has so far remained almost unnoticed outside Western Germany. However, the London "Daily Telegraph" wrote on February 20, 1952: "A problem of great sentimental importance is that of war criminals, including a number of former German generals. Here a proposal that Germans shall sit with Western representatives on a tribunal to review sentences appears to have contained all ideas. The new position seriously affects the conception that justice without regard to considerations of political expediency must be meted out to individuals guilty of war crimes and crimes against humanity."

#### War Prisoners

It is estimated that when this agreement was reached about 100 "minor" war criminals were being held in prisons controlled by the three Western Occupying Powers. Some 140 of them were detained at the British prison at Werl in Westphalia, West Germany. The release of war criminals will certainly strengthen the increasingly vociferous reactionary and neo-Nazi forces in Germany. Reprised professional Nazi soldiers might even, in the course of German rearmament, obtain leading military positions. Deviation from the principles recognized in the Charter and the Judgment of the Nuremberg Tribunal would amount to disregard of the efforts of the U.N. International Law Commission engaged in formulating these principles for

known among them are General von Falkenberg, Kesselring and von Mackensen. German public opinion has shown more concern for these and other prominent officers than for the "small fry" among whom there are a number of S.A. guards and concentration camp overseers. Some of the latter were on the staff of the notorious Belsen Camp. It will be remembered that conditions prevailing there were revealed by the report of a British Parliamentary delegation which visited the camp shortly after the liberation and by the facts which emerged at the trial against the "Beast of Belsen" Josef Kramer and 44 others before a British Military Court at Lüneburg in September 1945. The Belsen criminals were found guilty of ill-treatment of Allied nationals but these were in fact Jewish concentration camp inmates who had been subjected to physical suffering and had been killed.

Other Werl prisoners were found guilty of such crimes as the deportation or killing of resistance leaders and Allied prisoners of war. Some of them, particularly the members of the staff of the Neuengamme concentration camp, are likely to have committed criminal acts against Jews, but the relevant particulars have not yet been established.

There can be no doubt that the war-crime issue carries grave political implications. In addition to the agreement with Bonn over a review of sentences, the British authorities, under an administrative decision taken at the end of 1951 to count periods served in gaol before trial as part of the sentence, have just released the first 11 German war criminals, including Helmut Kopper, block leader of Belsen who was sentenced to 15 years imprisonment, and Margareta Mewes, S.S. guard at Ravensbrück Camp.

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## REDISCOVERING ISRAEL

### HOME FROM HOME AT MIGDAL

By M. Eskolsky

At a "mummy Spring Sabbath" in Migdal, the town of Migdal (new Migdal, later Migdal Gad) takes its ease by promenading along the road to the sea three kilometers away. Between the palms and pines and cactus plants stroll men, women and children, almost all of them immigrants from Iraq, Hungary, Persia, Tripolitania, Bulgaria, Morocco, Czechoslovakia, the Yemen, Rumania; a cross-section of Israel's immigration history.

Casualty they make way for an occasional bicycle or car, or the most common vehicle of all: the pram. Casually, too, they made way for Nathan Davidovitz, herding four fat Holland cows before him. At 51, Davidovitz finds tending cows a new experience. Twenty years ago from Transylvania, where until recently he sold timber to Tel Aviv. Now he sells milk to his fellow newcomers. Twig in hand and a sack of weeds for his hens over his shoulder, he stopped to return a grave "Shalom."

Davidovitz is a happy man. When he arrived in Israel, he spent three days at an immigrant camp at Bet Laid, then came on to Migdal. He struggles to make ends meet. He came by the cows when he had to give up working as a brick-maker because of his health. His first cow cost him IL250, his last IL435. Feed costs have risen considerably, milk prices have not. But he said, "Better here with hardships than in Rumania as a rich merchant. I wouldn't go back if you gave me all Rumania. What do I need Rumania for? Any Jew with even a little bit of sense can see that only in Israel is there any place for him; not America, not Australia—here."

He explained his attitude with a memory: "I spent three years in a concentration camp. Here I'm free, and he gestured widely to his cows, to the fields near the road. "There were 43 members of my family at Auschwitz."

But not his immediate family. Of his six children, two sons have been here for seven years, and fought in the war. One is still in the Army, the other is a taxi-driver in Haifa. But two daughters are still in Rumania, one married to a chemical engineer, the other to a bookkeeper—both waiting to come to Israel. One of them has a furnished flat in Nathanya, and for five years a brother-in-law has been paying the rent on it, waiting for the day his tenant could move in.

Davidovitz's chief ambition now is to have his own farm. For the present, he lives in an abandoned Arab house which, when he came, "had four walls and a ceiling." He pays IL5 a month for the two rooms, but he wants five or ten dunams, with water. Once it had seemed that he was on the way to achieving his ambition: he paid the Municipality IL25 for the use of two dunams of land, and spent IL100 to plough and sow it and provide water. Then it was taken from him for a housing quarter, and he was paid IL35 compensation.

"I'd like to stay in Migdal," he said. "But if I can't start a farm here, I'll go where I can. That's the only thing—a farm, a piece of land." He put a hand on a cow's head. "Please excuse me now, I must go home and milk the cows."

THE road to the sea lies through the abandoned Arab village of Dura. On the inner walls of a ruined house are Arabic signs. "Allah is great." "There is no God but Allah." The road also runs through orange groves. Patroling the road on horseback, a rifle slung over his shoulder, was Mark Herman, who came to Israel just in time to fight in the Negev, and has stayed on as a watchman in the groves, employed by the Custodian of Abandoned Property.

"But it's impossible to stop thieving in the groves," he said. "Migdal is full of new immigrants, and many of them steal oranges constantly—not all of them, but those from certain countries."

Mark, who is 24, came to Israel from a Rumanian town called Dej. He is paid IL65 a month, and pays IL2.70 for the room and kitchen he occupies with his wife. He was trained to be a tinsmith, but he considers that wages are low and he hasn't the money to open his own shop. If he had the choice, would it be Migdal or Dej?

"Certainly not Dej," he said. "Why?" "I don't want to be a Communist. I don't want to live with the Russians. But somewhere else—America or Canada—I'd go there if I could."

"Well, I get IL65 a month; food alone costs IL50. What's left? But there's a man works, he knows he eats well, lives well. And Tel Aviv and Haifa are no better than Migdal. I don't like Migdal, but it's the best there is. If I knew of a better place, I'd go to it."

"Are you a member of Hashomer, the Watchman's Organization?" "Of course."

"Do you know who Alexander Zeit was?" "Never heard of him."

"Do you know who Trumpeldor was?" Hesitatingly: "I think I've heard the name."

ALONG the road came a strolling group of Oriental Jews in their Sabbath clothes, one of the women carrying her shoes in her hand; Rahaminim Gueda and his wife, their 15-year-old son, and her parents. Six other children and

Rahaminim's parents had stayed at home. Two years ago Rahaminim brought his family from Tripoli. "I waited 20 years for that," he said. "But I had no luck before."

"Why did you come?" "My son, half in jest, half in earnest, broke in: 'He didn't know what it would be like.'"

"No, no," protested Rahaminim indignantly. "I wanted to come for 20 years."

"But life is hard here—no food, no clothes."

"It doesn't matter, that's not important. It's my own country."

Permanent Residents Rahaminim paid IL300 to become a member in the Shefa plumbing cooperative. Now he earns IL80 a month, and pays IL4 for two rooms. He has been in Migdal for 16 months, and he considers himself a permanent resident.

The first of Migdal's 12,000 inhabitants settled there in 1949: a group of 150 families from Rumania who planned to form a moshav. Then came 400 Yeminite families, followed by immigrants from Turkey, Iran, and the Arab lands of the town, many of them crossing into Egyptian territory. The town grew. Almost a thousand families from Iraq came, and then the waves from other mass-immigration countries.

The Yeminites settled in a ruined quarter of the town. This quarter is old and dirty. There is no sewage system. The authorities planned to destroy it. Mrs. Meyerson, on a visit to Migdal, invited the Yeminites to exchange their houses in the slum quarter for half a dunam of land per family elsewhere, with small auxiliary farmsteads. They refused. They are still there.

Unemployment is a problem in Migdal. One of the country's largest factories, Seid Rosen's concrete pipe plant, employs about 200 men. The Ministry of Labour's weaving factory employs 50 workers, but lack of raw materials has hampered operations. At times there have been as many as 700 unemployed in Migdal. Seasonal work in the orange groves helped somewhat.

The Ministry of Labour and the Ministry of Agriculture's contracting company "Hekel" hopes to launch a project of nurseries on Migdal lands which will be able to provide vegetable seedlings for the entire country—and make a major contribution toward the solution of the town's employment problem. However, enough water must first be brought to the area—as well as an initial investment of IL50,000.

The town itself is much as the Arabs left it, except that there are two moshavot with 1,450 families and another nearby with 400. But new quarters are going up. The neat white houses laid out in orderly and roomy rows in contrast to the old Arab houses. A second feeder road has already been laid to the new quarter, paralleling the one to the old town.

But Migdal is not prosperous. The town has only about 30 per cent of the population; the others are in moshavot. The Ministry of Welfare helps as many as 1,300 families, at a cost of IL5,000 a month. Unemployment threatens. The centre of gravity is still in the old town. The people of Migdal, by and large, do not seem excitedly happy. But they give the impression of being content. Some nurse a wish to go to another country—but never to their country of origin.

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## SOVIET SURVEY

## Few Russian Women in Top Jobs

by Edward Crankshaw

LONDON—The legend that Soviet Russia is a paradise for women dies hard. Theoretically, Soviet women have unlimited opportunities, but in practice the higher government of the U.S.S.R. could not be more overbearing, masculine, and authoritarian. Although tens of thousands of women all over the country have important jobs in the professions and local government, the positions of high privilege are reserved for men. The very fact that the recent appearance of a woman on the main platform with Stalin and his colleagues should have caused world-wide comment is itself a comment on the rarity of the event.

Madame Zhukova, who achieved this eminence on the recent anniversary of Lenin's death, is not, in fact, so prominent as some commentators have made her out to be. She is not, for example, in the running for membership of the Politburo, which is likely to remain a masculine preserve for some time to come. The display of nobility on the stage of the Bolshoi Theatre on the Lenin anniversary unlike the May Day parade of civil and military leaders on top of Lenin's tomb, does not consist exclusively of the supreme leadership of the Soviet Union. It includes also members of the Russian Federal and local Moscow organizations, Mme. Zhukova was there because of that.

Compelled to Work  
There are other women in fairly high positions in the Party, but they are surprisingly few. The emancipation of women in the Soviet Union in the early days of the revolution was a high pioneering ideal. But today for the mass of Soviet women equality of opportunity means equality of opportunity in the hardest, and dirtiest of jobs. There is nowadays no question of women being privileged to work on an equal footing with men; they are compelled to work to keep body and soul together. Their husbands, unless they are officials or *Slavkomorists*—the highly paid peace-setters in industry—cannot earn enough to keep them. It is this situation which lies behind the hordes of old women who sweep the snow under floodlights in the dead of night; they are not toiling for the glory of womanhood and Stalin; they are toiling to survive from one day to the next. Stalin needs his female labour force. On the collective farms even now, six years after the war, there are still three or four women to every man. Four-fifths of the heavy agricultural work is done by women, although the farm managers in their offices are almost invariably men.

Women Are the Workers  
The visitor to the Soviet Union is struck by the immense proportion of women in important positions—technical, scientific, professional—in all these places where there is a practical job to be done. He is equally struck by the immense proportion of men in

all these places where there is overbearing to be done. Even allowing for the fact that male prisoners in the labour camps exceed women prisoners by at least ten to one, it is fair to say that the women of the U.S.S.R. carry the country on their shoulders; the men are the workers, the organizers and the Party agents are nearly all men.

Tactic Conspiracy  
In time one receives the impression that the women, although they carry the Soviet State, are yet not of it. They get on with the work and leave the ideas to the men. It may be that this is because the men are bound together in a tacit conspiracy to see that the women are kept down. But it seems far more likely that in a society where to make a success of any responsible governmental post involves a ceaseless and uneasy compromise with conscience, the women are too contemptuously honest to erect. Be that as it may, while the men make the pattern of the Communist

State and wear out their days in constant manoeuvring to keep in step with the Party line, the women preserve a curious detachment from the political life of the country, intent above all on keeping a decent and normal life going no matter how adverse the conditions.

Of course, there are plenty of women, as in every land, in minor political positions; and a few, like Mme. Zhukova, in fairly high ones. They serve in the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. and in all the lesser Republican Soviets. They work in Party committee rooms. But the remarkable thing is the way the mass of women shed quite effortlessly the political paraphernalia which loads them down in their days of school and the university. Only a comparative handful go on to make a career in politics. For the rest, the most gifted prefer the impersonal professions. Their sisters prefer the anonymity of the factory, the farm and the home.

POST Reporter  
YOUTHFUL, fresh-looking frocks ushered in the Spring at the fashion show held at the Park Hotel, Tel Aviv, last Monday. Madame Svanda, Jerusalem designer and dressmaker who came from Czechoslovakia two years ago, has by now succeeded in making a place for herself among the country's best in haute couture. In keeping with the times she has started to export models to Switzerland and hopes to do more export

trade in the future. Restrained and simple in design, most of her models can be easily adapted to individual tastes and made up from local fabrics. For mornings, Madame Svanda prefers linen, and her good taste is best displayed in a slim, navy blue dress held together at the shoulder with large white buttons which when unbuttoned make an oval shaped décolleté. Solid colours take priority over prints for afternoon frocks; trimmings include embroidery and applique. One of the most charming and youthful models among those for dressed-up occasions is a pale grey shantung with a tight bodice on a very full skirt with down to the hem. The neckline is encircled with delicate black velvet flowers.

New Accessories  
Two new features were introduced at this showing—a maternity dress of pink linen buttoned on one side from under the arm to the hemline, and cut with plenty of fullness for letting out. The other surprise was a mink coat—a fur rarely displayed here. The coat was one in the collection by Stephan Braun of Tel Aviv; the others included jackets and coats of broadtail, nutria and beaver, all extremely well styled and with a tendency to fullness in the sleeves, collars and backs.

Hannah Siedner, of Jerusalem, supplied the hats for the occasion. A great deal of originality is shown in her creations for complementing and accenting the frocks. All shapes and sizes are legion, from the perky tiny sailors to the exaggerated cartwheels, her bonnet shapes are most successful. Shoes to go with the ensembles came from Beny. Tel Aviv—variations on the court shoe still hold good throughout the day.

"Aldi" dress manufacturers' contribution to the Bond Drive Mobile Exhibition which will start on April 15 in the U.S.

Setting the Table for Festive Seder  
up to the leaf, and put these into ice water for a few hours, they'll curl up to make chrysanthemums. Cut the radishes into roses, by separating the skin and petals, and put into cold water. They make an attractive garnish and a tasty relish.

Cefille Fish  
1½ kilos fish, 3 onions, 1 celery root and 3 carrots, 1 or 2 eggs, salt and pepper, ¼ cup matzo meal.  
Mixed varieties of fish are best in cefille fish, but if you get only one kind, that will do. If it is filled cod, I'd advise the use of two eggs. If it is cod on the bone, one egg (or even none) will do, as the fish is then quite glutinous and will hold its shape when chopped. If you have herrings, I advise the addition of a bit of ginger to the mixture, and add a little vinegar to the water in which the fish is cooking to submerge some of its own high flavour. All cefille fish is tastier with a carrot cooking in the pot.

Remove skin from the fish and take the meat off the bone. Grind one onion with fish of fish. Add matzo meal, salt, pepper, egg and one cup of water or fish juice (if you use fillet) and mix thoroughly. Form into balls. Into the bottom of a fish kettle place the bones, the remaining onion, the cut up celery root and carrots. Cover with boiling water and let cook for one hour or longer, until well done, rapidly at first,

then slowly. Add more cold water if necessary, during the cooking. Serve hot or cold.

Passover Pancakes  
2 eggs, 1 cup water, 1 cup matzo meal, dash of ginger, ½ salt, ¼ tsp. sugar, fat for frying.  
Beat eggs, add liquid and stir in matzo meal and seasoning to make a smooth batter. Drop by spoonfuls into hot fat. Brown at both sides.

The Salads  
Your tossed salad will be of fresh crisp lettuce with slivers of celery or green onion or both, and perhaps some carrot curls (made by cutting carrots paper-thin lengthwise and putting into ice water) or some grated carrot, if you wish. I also like a shredding of cabbage in it too. Into a French dressing you can chop some parsley. And of course—rub the bowl with garlic.

A Russian salad has bits of everything in it in the way of cooked vegetables, such as diced carrots, diced potatoes, bits of cauliflower, green peas, kohlrabi or anything you wish. Marinate this first in a French dressing of oil, mustard, salt, pepper and lemon juice, and then dress with mayonnaise. It's hearty and refreshing at the same time.

Horseradish Relish  
2 cups cold boiled beets, grated, 1 cup grated horseradish root, 1 tsp. pepper, 1 tsp. salt, 1 cup vinegar, 2 tbsps. sugar.  
Season the horseradish with salt, pepper and sugar, and mix into beets. Add all the vinegar which the horseradish

and beets will absorb. Place in jars.

Crisp  
To the above recipe for Passover Pancakes add sugar (the more the merrier) and spices such as ginger, cloves, cinnamon. Add a little rind. Tuck a slice of banana or any other fruit into the belly of pancake (make them small). Fry. Sugar.

Maina Balls for Soup  
1 lb. fat, 1 cup lightly beaten, 1 cup salt, 1 cup matzo meal, 1 cup boiling water, pepper and onion to taste. 1 tsp. parsley.  
Pour boiling water over matzo meal, stir until water is absorbed, add fat, then egg and seasoning. Mix well. Let stand for at least one hour. Roll into balls the size of a walnut. If sticky, grease palms of hands or moisten with cold water occasionally. Drop into boiling soup 15 minutes before serving. Roll gently uncovered.

Maina Charlotte  
3 matzo, water, 1 tsp. salt, 2 tbsps. margarine, 2 eggs, 1/3 cup sugar, 1/2 cup rind and lemon juice.  
Soak the matzo in water till soft. Squeeze out excess water. Stir till creamy, adding salt and some of the melted fat. Beat the egg yolks, sugar, lemon rind and juice and add, blending and mixing thoroughly. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into a greased pudding dish and bake a half hour. Serve with wine sauce made by adding cherry brandy to a pudding base of potato flour, sugar and lemon juice.

Menu for a Large Gathering  
Haroset Balls, Celery and Radishes, Horseradish Relish, Tossed Salad, Horseradish Relish, Orange Cakes, Celery and Carrots, Family Menu, Grapefruit Cocktail, Commemorative Matzo Balls, Meat Loaf, Roast Potatoes, Carrots and Peas, Hearts of Lettuce with Avocado, Horseradish Relish, Matzo Balls.  
Haroset Balls  
Put some almonds or peanuts through the meat-chopper. Add matzo meal, sugar, the rind of a lemon and orange. Add wine enough to just soak up the crumbs. Spice it to your heart's delight; cinnamon should be the main spice, but I like to add a whiff of ginger and cloves as well. You can mash clove in a banana, and even add a hint of cocoa, if you feel adventurous. Roll into balls. Sprinkle with cinnamon and put on ice.

Celery and Radish Relish  
If you cut the celery stalks in ribbons from the wide end

## Ancient Crafts for Export

By A Special Correspondent

THE Jews of Galilee have brought a valuable craft to Israel, that of carpet and rug making, distinguished by their own traditional design and weaving patterns. Together with Yemenites, Kurds, Persians, Bulgarians and Iraqis, they are in possession of skills which could provide important products for the home and export markets. But it is felt that unless the present generation can be employed in these ancient crafts the art will die out among their children.

Pioneer in efforts to conserve these skills is Ruth Dayan, Jerusalem. She stumbled on the work by accident—a plague of mice, in fact—particularly recalcitrant manoeuvre of fate. Her original intention was to give agricultural instruction to women immigrants and assist them to adjust themselves to the conditions of their new life. But the mice which overrun Israel some three years ago ate seedlings and roots of plants overnight. Mrs. Dayan sought for some other profitable outlet for her charges and decided to build up a small-scale cottage industry among those skilled in embroidery, weaving and other handicrafts.

Rich Field  
The plan met with exceptional success, principally on the home market, for prices tended to be too high to offer much scope for exports. It was obviously a rich field, and Mrs. Dayan decided to extend her activities; Yemenites, with their beautiful embroideries, their silver-work, their distinctive carpet spinning; Persians from Tebriz and Azerbaijan, experts



Newcomer from Tripoli preparing her wool. Formerly a "cave-dweller" she now lives in her own dwelling at Porath. Photo by Braun.

upon leading artists to evolve new ones, and aims to supply cottage looms and essential raw materials to craftsmen and women. Mrs. Dayan is studying weaving, pottery and basket-making in London, as well as exploring export prospects, for she feels that many immigrants in Israel can usefully acquire skill in crafts to enable them both to supplement their incomes and contribute to foreign trade.

## Thin Fare at Waiters' Academy

By Th. F. Meyers

YEARS ago I happened to listen in through an open door to a meeting of Haifa's waiters' union. "And one of the most important things," one of the speakers declared, "is to break the 'Yekkes' of their habit of asking for water with their coffee. It's a waste of work and glasses and it lets them sit around for hours over one cup of coffee." I was quite hurt by this and was thus especially grateful when, attending a lesson at Talli's new Waiters' Academy recently, I heard the teacher, Jerusalem's veteran head-waiter Mr. P. Adler, impress upon his pupils that, whatever happened, fresh water must always be available on a well-served table.

This "Waiters' School," run by the Ministry of Labour in collaboration with the Waiters' Trade Union and the Labour Exchange, will release the first graduates of a three-months' course in April. Actually, however, 15 of the students are already plying their new trade, attending lectures in their spare time. Two dropped

out of the course and jobs are at hand for the remaining three. This goes to show that well-trained waiters are in great demand and that the prestige of the school, under the direction of Erwin Rubinstein, vouchsafes for the qualifications of its graduates.

Nostalgic Lecture  
The "Touling Club" has provided a location for the school, and it also allows the students to do "seminary work" during meal hours. I attended a rather nostalgic lecture at the Academy on "Natural and Artificial Appetites," which brought to mind the dialogue from "Alice in Wonderland": "You want ham and eggs?" "Yes." "There aren't any." "I was then asked to invite three students to dinner, while three others would serve us in state. And so they did."

The table was splendidly set with linen and silver. Even the "dish heater," unforgettable to anyone who ever enjoyed his food in Switzerland, made its appearance. A French menu was presented and when I confessed to being the son of impecunious but decent parents, who could not afford French lessons for me, it was translated by the attending student into impeccable Hebrew, English and German. Thus I learned some new expressions for frozen fish.

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## PERSONALITY PORTRAIT

## Immigrant Interne On Active Service

By Geraldine Stern

Rita Sand, a striking young woman of 27, with brown curly hair and blue eyes that light up her handsome face, makes the rounds of the children's ward in Hadassah Hospital as if she had always been there. Dressed in her white smock, self-assuredly examining the children, one would never guess that she came to Israel only a year ago.

Rita's education in Rumania, where she was born, was interrupted when at 16, she and her family were deported by the Germans to a concentration camp in the Ukraine. In the camp there was a little circle of very intellectual Jews, and Rita recalls how curious it was to see them without shoes, their clothing dirty, and lice-ridden, discussing matters on a high intellectual plane. None of the group survived, but she treasures the "intellectual stimulation" that she and other young people received from these great minds. Her first instruction in physics came from a famous physicist in the camp who, since there was no paper to write on, gave lectures to the children as he wrote his formulas in the sand.

Trek to Study  
Freed by the Russian army she trekked back to Rumania to start her medical studies and graduated in 1950, but only by saying that she had no education did she manage to get a passport to leave with the rest of her family, who were compelled to leave all

money, valuables and furniture behind. Rita says now that when sometimes material problems seem difficult, all she has to do is remind herself that she is in Israel, and the difficulties are unimportant. "In Rumania the material position was better, but not the psychological one."

The Sand family was a tiny huddle, then, related in Jerusalem took them into their home for the first six months. Two months off the ship, Rita became an interne at the Hadassah Hospital. To Rita, the tremendous experience of meeting doctors and patients from all over the world, is one of the big things that Israel offers her. She now speaks English and Hebrew remarkably well, in addition to French, Rumanian, German and Romanian. She still pursues her work as an interne at the Hadassah Hospital, where she started in the internal medicine department, and then worked in surgery, the T.B. Hospital in Safed, and is now in the children's ward.

The children's ward seemed to be a mass of the largest, brownest eyes imaginable. As we passed the incubators, a nurse lifted out a tiny baby, born prematurely to a young Moroccan girl. Having just come from North Africa and seen the unbelievably bad conditions there, the contrast of this infant—being carefully nursed to normalcy instead of becoming one of the thousands of victims of infant mortality there, struck me as an almost total expression of the meaning of Israel.

## BRIDGE BY JERUSALEMITE THE OLYMPIC GAMES

HAND NO. 21  
We did not very much enjoy the hand hereunder, because in our opinion it smells of favoritism towards one solution in preference of another. The example itself is supposed to typify a bidding sequence, in which a bit of stretching here and there will land the partnership in a most unsound contract.

The official bidding is: North East South West  
1C — 1S —  
2NT — 4C —  
3S — 6C —

The official line of play is to hope for a good break in hearts. The play proceeds as follows: Dummy wins the first trick with the king of diamonds, lays down the ace of hearts, and declares ruff a heart. Both club honours are used to play and ruff out two more rounds of hearts, and having cleared the ace of trumps from the closed hand South reenters dummy with the ace of diamonds, just in time to tackle two more rounds of trumps. As the cards lay, both major suits break well, and South takes the last two tricks in his hand.

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PUBLIC AUCTION Mr. Mont A. Levy has been requested to sell by Public Auction the furniture and effects of a former Mandatory Government Official. The effects will be on view on Monday, April 7, 1952, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. at the LOMBARD AUCTION ROOM, Julian's Way, Jerusalem. (near Thos. Cook's Tourist Office). The sale will take place on Tuesday, April 8, 1952, from 9 a.m. All effects must be paid for, and removed on the day of the sale.

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